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Yellowstone Park Collection

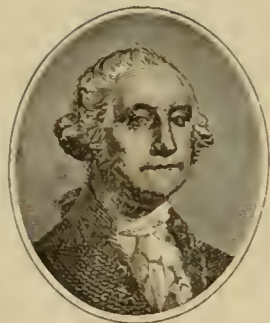


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Washington Commandery California Club.

(TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE, 1904.)

GEORGE N. DELAP, PREST.
RICHARD P. MARTIN, SEC'Y.
MILES W. GRAYES, TREAS.
EDWARD MABL, HISTORIAN.

HARTFORD, CONN.

May 31,

1905.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA CLUB AND PILGRIMS:

After many days we present you the Souvenir History of the trip to California, if you like it tell your friends, if you don't like it—we shall probably hear of it—forgive the mistakes and remember we had to keep busy to earn our board while editing this booklet, if anything has been omitted, you write a book, insert the missing items and give it away, if anything should have been cut out, buy a pair of scissors and use it. Please take notice that we have a few extra copies which may be had for \$1.25 per copy, postpaid. We desire to sell these in order to pay for those we give to Members of the party; as there is a demand for copies from members of the Commandery who did not go, you should order early if you wish an extra copy.

Yours truly,

Richard P. Martin
Secretary

P. S. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this volume by mail.



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The history of pilgrimage of Washington Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, Hartford, Conn. to the twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States of America, held in the city of San Francisco, California, September fourth to September tenth, nineteen hundred and four.



PREFACE

In impressive magnitude of assemblage, beauty and dignity of events, and variety and interest of attendant incidents, the Twenty-ninth Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar of the United States, held in San Francisco in September, 1904, surpassed all previous Conclaves of the fraters in the history of this concordant Order of Freemasonry.

As a sequel and souvenir of this Conclave, Washington Commandery California Club has undertaken the preparation of this volume, which in plan and scope, we hope will be commensurate with the subject, and be acceptable to the entire membership of the party.

The thanks of the Printing Committee are due to several members of the party for notes of the trip, and to our Tourist agents and others, for use of cuts, and courtesies extended to complete this volume.

ASA P. FITCH,
WILLIAM F. LOOMIS, } Committee.
RICHARD P. MARTIN, }



"AN OCEAN OF MOLTEN GOLD SWEEPS THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE."
(Reprinted by Courtesy of Four Track News.)

On October 21st, 1901, a call was issued by certain members of Washington Commandery, for a meeting, for the purpose of organizing a Triennial Conelave Club, for 1904. The meeting was held at the Masonic Club rooms, Masonic Hall, Hartford, and a constitution and by-laws were submitted, and adopted, and the following officers were elected:

present, and submitted a detailed itinerary of the proposed trip.

At a meeting held on May 9th, 1902, the committee voted that the outward trip should be via Lehigh Valley and the Northern route, and the return via the Central route. The Secretary was instructed to request Mr. Simmons to make another



"AS THE SHADES OF EVENING WERE ENVELOPING THE CITY."

George N. Delap, President.
Richard P. Martin, Secretary.
Miles W. Graves, Treasurer.
Edward Mahl, Asa P. Fitch, Historians.

On February 21st, at a meeting of the club, Mr. A. J. Simmons, of Simmons & Marsters, Boston, was

appointment, to go over with him the itinerary submitted.

At a meeting held May 22, 1902, the action of May 9th was ratified, and the itinerary of twenty-eight days submitted by Simmons & Marsters, was adopted.

Departure for the Coast.

Friday, August 26th, 1904, as the shades of evening were enveloping the City of Hartford, its illuminated Capitol Dome, and Corning Fountain, at 9:30 P. M., the "All Aboard" was sounded, and we were en route for the Golden Gate.

Amid the cheers of a large gathering of friends and acquaintances, and to the stirring strains of music rendered by Sphinx Temple Band, our special train, made up of the four Pullman sleeping cars, "Bonita," "Hoquiam," "Verndale," "Ocosta," and a baggage car, steamed out of Hartford station.

Our route was via the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., Highland Division to Waterbury, Naugatuck Division to Bridgeport, and New York Division to Harlem River. At New Britain and Plainville the burning of colored fire by our friends there was seen, as our train passed.

The making up of the berths, and the last and most exciting act was the retiring for the night, a new experience to those who had not been in the habit of climbing anything higher than a chair for the last few years.

We were taken by the steamer "Maryland" around the city of New York to the Lehigh Valley R. R. Some of our party did not retire until they had seen New York by "gaslight," while being ferried to Lehigh Valley Railroad terminal.

At Jersey City the dining car "Collonade" was attached to our train. This car was in charge of Mr. A. W. Hewitt, as steward, and the service rendered during the trip was excellent. Whenever we had our



Washington Commemorative
DANFORD, CONNECTICUT,
PILGRIMAGE TO SAN FRANCISCO, CALA.

Special Train

DINNER

8/26

"A SAMPLE MENU."

meals outside the diner we were glad to return to it for the next one.

Early morning of the 27th found us traveling through the beautiful Lehigh Valley. Arrived at Mauch Chunk at 8 A. M., and enjoyed a ride over the

celebrated "Switchback." This is said to be the oldest railroad in America, except one three miles in length at Quincy, Mass. The Mauch Chunk road is eighteen miles long. The car is hauled to the top of



"ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY."

Mt. Pisgah by a cable, of two heavy steel bands, each 7 1-2 inches wide, hitched to a "donkey" car behind the passenger car, and it is pushed to the top of the mountain in a few minutes. At the top are fine views. From the top the car ran of its own momen-

tum for 8 2-3 miles, to the base of Mt. Jefferson, where again we took the cable for a rise of 2,070 feet, to the top of Mt. Jefferson, and from thence, for nine miles through woods, around curves, and down hills, at a sixty-mile-an-hour rate.

After a pleasant day's ride, at 7:30 P. M., we "put off at Buffalo," our Recorder, Sir Knight Richard P. Martin, and his wife, much to our regret, and we think, to their sorrow, for they enjoyed the trip with us to this point.

Arrived at Niagara at 8 P. M. Here we were required to have our baggage car sealed, as we were to go through a portion of Canada, and kept sealed until the United States was again reached. This caused a dry feeling among some of our party who were anxious to get a bottle of mineral water before retiring; but it was no go.

We were now on the Grand Trunk R. R. for an all night's ride. Sunday, August 28th, traveling through Indiana. At 11 o'clock arrived at Chicago, found carriages awaiting us, and conveyed to Auditorium Hotel. A very fine hotel, where we were served a good lunch. After lunch we were taken in carriages through Lincoln Park, and the business streets of Chicago.

Our route from Chicago to St. Paul was via the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, arriving about 6:30 A. M., two hours ahead of time. While waiting at the station for the street car, we witnessed the arrival of the Band of the Ninety-first Highlanders of Canada, who were on their way to the State Fair. By electric cars we enjoyed a forty-mile ride about the Twin Cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, visiting Como Park, Harriet Lake and Park, and Fort

Snelling, crossing the Mississippi by a bridge 350 feet long and 175 feet high to the Fort. Minnehaha Falls and Lake Minnetonka were also visited. The cyclone which visited these cities one week previous to our visit, must have been severe. Some idea of its magnitude and extent were noticed on this ride.

Some of the party visited the State Fair, then in session; the new State Capitol, still unfinished, and the large flour mills, with an output of 90,000 barrels daily. At Minneapolis, lunch was served at the West Hotel. At 5:30 P. M. we were aboard, and started on time for Spokane, Washington.

To reach this lively city required two days' and two nights' ride, through Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho, via the Northern Pacific R. R., a distance of 1,417 miles.

At Bismark, North Dakota, we crossed the Missouri River over a steel bridge which cost \$1,000,000. At Mandan, on the west side of the river, we changed our watches to Rocky Mountain time, two hours slower than Eastern time. On this road several of the party were extended the courtesy of riding on the engine, which is against the rules, but rules did not count on this trip, although some roads were very strict. Many of the conductors were Knights Templar, and several brakemen were Masons, who accompanied us over the several divisions. They were adorned with our nutmeg badge before they had been on our train a great while. Many of these men were taken from freight trains to help out on the passenger traffic. One conductor, who at first sight, you would say was a "Renb," wore his hair long, no creases in his trousers; not even a blue un-

form, but he knew his business, having run on this road for thirty years, or more.

More tramps were found on the tops and trucks of the cars on this road, than any other over which we traveled.

During the 30th and 31st we crossed the Bad Lands, properly named, owing to its utter uselessness; it being so sandy that scarcely anything grows.

At Medora a short stop was made, and some of us took a survey of the place. It was here that President Roosevelt had his ranch. It is a very lonesome and dreary place.

From Glendive, Montana, we followed the Yellowstone River for 340 miles. At Fort Keough, we passed one of the Army Posts, and caught a glimpse of the Pompey Pillar, which is 170 feet high.

At Billings, Montana, we met a Sir Knight who gave us much valuable information about this part of the country. We presented him with one of our badges. Arrived at Helena, at daylight, on the 31st. Did not leave our train. The grades were so heavy in this part of the country that it required two, and sometimes three locomotives to haul our train. In the mountains, prospecting parties were seen. We passed through the Reservation of the Flat-Headed Indians, which is 50 by 80 miles in extent. Many Indians were seen. Crossing Idaho, we had a view of Lake Pend d'Oreille, said to rival Lake George in beauty.

At 4:30 P. M., arrived at Spokane, where we were taken in charge by Knights Templar, other citizens and ladies. They gave us a trolley ride about the city. This is a growing city, 15 years old, and had two of the neatest and best equipped restaurants seen

on the trip. On returning to our train we found a basket of fruit in each seat, presented by the Chamber of Commerce, of Spokane. Just as we entered Spokane, De Molay Commandery of Boston was leaving with a train of nine cars. On the rear platform was a small cannon, which they fired in passing through important places. We were close behind this Commandery for three days. When they stopped, we had to wait for them to get out of the way, and twice one night, our engine pushed them over the mountains. Our train was delayed three hours on their account, but they were a fine lot of fellows, and we enjoyed jollying them each time we overtook them. Our train left Spokane at 6:40 P. M., for a night's ride to Seattle. At 5:30 A. M., September 1st, found us at Yakima, which has a fine depot. Our trip of that day was through the State of Washington. We saw fruit, hops, etc., in abundance. Mt. Adams, always covered with snow, was seen in the distance. At Stampede we passed through a long tunnel, and looped the loop 15 miles long, in order to reach a point 6 miles ahead in our destination.

Arrived at Seattle at 11:30 A. M. Were met by carriages and conveyed to Washington Hotel, an excellently conducted house, upon a high cliff, overlooking the city, and Puget Sound. The hotel company owns a cable line with a very steep grade, from the street to the hotel. Each one was presented with an annual pass over this line. After lunch we took a trolley ride about the city. As the first car made a stop on a steep grade, the second car "budded in," crashing all the glass in the windows of the second car, and disabling the first car so that we had to wait for others to replace them. No one was serious-

ly hurt; although many were thrown from their seats. This was the only accident we had during the trip. The ride about the city, and to Kinnear Park, was very much enjoyed. We saw two Totem poles which



THE SALMON BAXTER CAUGHT?

were procured from the Indians in Alaska. At 3:30 P. M. we boarded the Steamer "Flyer," one of the fastest vessels in the world, for one and one-half

hours' ride to Tacoma. This was an enjoyable trip, and an agreeable change from our Pullmans.

Arrived at Tacoma at 5 p. m. Trolley cars were in waiting, furnished by the Knights Templar and Board of Trade. We were given a ride about the city, and to Point Defiance Park. Tacoma devotes 800 acres to parks; Whitworth College is located here. It is the leading grain port on the Pacific coast, and has immense shipping facilities. Flowers bloom here every month in the year. Our train left here in the night, reaching Kalama ferry at 6 a. m. September 2d. It was here that our Eminent Commander caught a salmon, weighing something less than 30 pounds. Ask him what bait he used. We crossed the Columbia River and left the ferry at 8:30 a. m. Arrived at Portland at 10 a. m. and were conveyed to the Hotel Portland by trolley. Here we met the advance guard of our party, who had started one week earlier and visited Yellowstone Park. We were all pleased to meet. Portland is very similar to Eastern cities in layout and buildings. Many people from the East live here, and each one had a good word for Portland. The day was spent in carriage and trolley rides about the city; some visiting one of the large saw-mills. Sir Knight Therkelson, of Portland, took 19 of us through one, where we witnessed the sawing of a log 20x4 feet, into planks of two to four inches thickness, which contained about 1,500 feet; time, six minutes. They cut 450,000 feet per day. We saw one log that was twenty-two feet long and six feet in diameter. These logs are cut, and floated down the river, from a distance of 30 to 80 miles. The only fuel used to make steam at these mills is sawdust.

We were taken by a steam yacht several miles up the Willamette River. On our return our guide escorted us to the Commercial Club and entertained us.

The loop by trolley to Portland Heights was a ride long to be remembered. When we were two and a half miles from the city, we had attained an altitude of 800 feet. We left Portland at 5 p. m. via



THE CLIFF HOUSE.
Courtesy of Four-Track News.

Southern Pacific Railroad. With the Yellowstone car "Killarney," we had seven cars in our train. We traveled all night of September 2d, and all day and all night of September 3d, through Oregon and California. We were met by a Committee of the Grand

Commandery, at Salem, Oregon. During the day your scribe rode on a wood burning engine for 36 miles round the Horseshoe and over Wolf Creek to Grand Pass. At Medford, Oregon, we saw a familiar sight, no less than Ringling's Circus having a street parade. En route we passed a large dam, which cost \$300,000. At Ashland were several girls wearing Shrine Fezes. They were giving away peaches as large as coffee cups, as a sample of the products of that vicinity; also a booklet reciting the advantages derived by living in Ashland. At this point we were 1,938 feet above the sea level. Snow capped Mount Shasta, 14,442 feet high, then loomed up, east of us. At about 9 p. m. we arrived at Shasta, or Soda Springs. A stop was made to view the Springs as they appeared illuminated by electric light. The almost perpendicular electric railroad that extended to the hotel on a high bluff, was also lighted in the same manner. These illuminations could be seen miles away. The water from the Springs tastes very strongly of soda. Here we saw an old fashion waterwheel, propelled by water from the mountain.

We crossed the Boma Costa Ferry on the largest ferry boat in the world. We were placed on this boat, ferried across the river, and taken off the quickest of any place on our route. At Davis we were met by R. E. Sir John F. Merrill, Sir W. W. Haskell and Sir C. H. Wever, a Committee of Templars who were to escort us to San Francisco, also by Proprietor De Wolf, of Hotel Pleasanton.

At 10:30 A. M., Sunday morning, September 4th, we arrived at San Francisco. We were met at Oakland by the Golden Gate Commandery, who escorted



"A MODERN KNIGHT TEMPLAR."

us to the Hotel Pleasanton (arriving there at 11:30), which was to be our home for four days. The Pleasanton is one of the finest hotels in San Francisco, and our stay there was very pleasant. Sunday afternoon was spent in visiting Sutro Park, the Cliff House, Seal Rocks, Sutro Baths, Sutro Collection of Curios and Cliff House Beach. During our stay at the Cliff House, a heavy fog shut down, and it grew cold. In the evening we attended the McKinley Memorial Sacred Concert, held in honor of that gallant Knight Templar.

Monday, September 5th, there were excursions to Berkeley University, Oakland, Alameda, San Leandro, Union Iron Works, United States Mint, Haywards, Golden Gate Park, Presidio, Chinatown, Army Headquarters of the Pacific Coast and the Mark Hopkins Institute. Some attended a reception given by the Golden Gate Commandery, in the afternoon and evening. Others visited the Chinese play at the Grand Opera House. There was a reception at the Palace Hotel in the Marble and Maple rooms, by the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, to all Sir Knights and their ladies. There were many band concerts at the various hotels and parks.

Washington Commandery received invitations to receptions from Grand Commanderies of five different states, and twelve invitations from subordinate commanderies, to like functions, but lack of time prevented attendance. Acknowledgments and regrets were sent by the Eminent Commander.

We were royally entertained by the California Sir Knights; tickets were given for almost everything, and for all points of interest. Mechanics Pavilion was one of the important places to visit.

It contained booths with exhibits from almost every county in California where Commanderies were located; fruit, etc., was given away freely. Open house was kept by all the Commanderies of San Francisco and Oakland, and everyone was welcome.



THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR COLLONADE, MARKET ST., NEAR SIXTH, SAN FRANCISCO
Courtesy of "The Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas."

The electrically lighted emblems of a decorative nature were numerous and beautiful. The largest installation of this class was that with which the great bell over Lotta's fountain was decorated. Within the bell and at its top was perhaps the most striking feature of the entire display, consisting of a disk twenty-five feet in diameter, on which was displayed the traditional cross and crown in colored lights, about which were two rows of lights containing the

sign in circular form, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," in twenty-four-inch electric letters. The bell was surmounted by a cylinder of light twenty feet in diameter and sixteen feet high, on the opposite sides of which, facing up and down Market street, was placed a Passion cross in red electric lights. The ninety-foot ring forming the lower rim of the bell supported a number of double-sided emblems, each of which was of the uniform height of eight feet, and among these emblems were the square and compass, the key-stone, the red cross, the Maltese cross, the double and the triple bars, the British Jack, three American shields, the coat of arms of the Golden Gate Commandery and a Greek cross, all being presented in their traditional colors. In all about 2,000 lights were used in the construction of the emblematic designs which appeared on the bell.

Tuesday, the 6th, was "the day." It was Parade Day. Washington Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, was ordered into line about 9 o'clock, near Hotel Pleasanton, there being 50 swords in line. We had a good band. At 10:30, the order "Forward March," was given. We were assigned position in the Third Division with the Commanderies of New York, Virginia, Vermont and New Hampshire. One thousand marched in this division; Knights on horses, in carriages and on foot. The march occupied three hours' time, with but few halts, and these of short duration. The Nutmeg State received her share of the applause. Quite often one would hear such expressions as these from among the spectators: "Hurrah for Connecticut, she's all right;" "Three cheers for the Nutmeg Commandery." One man perched upon a roof shouted through a megaphone,

"Connecticut, Connecticut, Connecticut! Good for Hartford, you have them skun a mile."

P. E. C., Geo. N. Delap acted as proxy for Eminent Sir Norman F. Allen, Grand Captain General of the Grand Commandery of Connecticut, and rode in the carriage with the Grand Commandery officers of Connecticut, which was the sixth in line.



THE GREAT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR BELL OVER LOTTA'S FOUNTAIN.

Courtesy of "The Journal of Electricity, Power and Gas."

Every window, cornice and roof was black with people. We marched, no one knows how far, and countermarched until rear of line was passed, then Washington No. 1 took a side street to the hotel. Not a single man from our commandery dropped out on

the march, though we were tired, and very warm; in fact, we all had a genuine Turkish bath, minus the rubbing down. But we were all right the next morning. Notwithstanding the day was very warm, the next day was the warmest, it is claimed, that was ever known in San Francisco. On the line of march, outside the curb, there were wooden posts, about 40 feet apart, and an iron cable stretched from post to post; and not a person was admitted within the enclosure, except those marching. There were iron caps placed over the holes as soon as the posts were removed after the parade. The ladies of our party had reserved seats on one of the grand stands. The pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of His Lordship, the Earl of Enston, who appeared in an ermine robe, riding with Grand Master Stoddard, in a carriage drawn by four horses. It was said that there were over 10,000 Sir Knights in line of march. It will be a long time before the Commanderies of another state can eclipse the arrangements and surpass the hospitality which the State of California exhibited.

The triennial session of the Grand Encampment was held at Golden Gate Hall. In the evening the reception to the Grand Master, and a reception by the Grand Commandery of Connecticut at the Palace Hotel; also at the same place, a reception by the Los Angeles Commandery to Sir Knights, and their ladies, was held.

On Wednesday, September 7th, there was a competitive drill at Golden Gate Park, at 10 A. M. A large crowd witnessed this. The highest points were given to Louisville Commandery, No. 2, Louisville, Ky. In the afternoon, in Mechanic's Pavilion, a re-



"THE ASCENT OF MT. LOWE."

ception was given to the ladies, by California Commandery, No. 1, and other Commanderies.

On our departure from San Francisco baskets of fruit and bottles of wine, the gift of the Triennial Conclave Committee of California, were transported to our train from headquarters, by our mutual friend, J. B. Warner, who furnished team and personally superintended the delivery to the station.



HOTEL DEL MONTE AT MONTEREY.

Courtesy of Simmons & Marsters.

At 11:30 p. m., September 7th, we started for Santa Barbara, where we arrived about 1 p. m., September 8th. Carriages were taken for a twenty-mile drive, visiting Old Santa Barbara Mission, which is still conducted by Monks of the Franciscan Order, and many other interesting points. We left Santa

Barbara at 4:45 p. m., for the run down to the coast to Los Angeles. En route we passed the farm of Ramona, mentioned by Helen Hunt Jackson in the novel by that name. We had a fine view of the oil producing section of the state, and views of the Pacific. We arrived at Los Angeles, 8:30 p. m. Transferred to the Hollenbeck Hotel for a three days' visit. This hotel accommodates 450 guests, and is a very fine building. It received many compliments from the entire party. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were occupied by drives to the various resorts about the city. Pasadena, noted for its San Gabriel Mission, the ostrich farms, two famous hotels, the Greene and the Raymond, Mt. Lowe, and its inclined railway. Lucky Baldwin Ranch at Monrovia, Catalina Island, by steamer from San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles, which has a wharf 4,700 feet long, were visited.

Here we met several old Hartford citizens; Sir Knights C. F. Hurd, Zeno P. King, and others. The city has every appearance of being a prosperous and growing one. At 5:30 p. m. we took buses for our train again and at 6 p. m. were on our return trip via the Southern Pacific Coast Line for Monterey. A short distance out from Los Angeles we observed a pigeon cote containing 16,000 birds, said to be the largest cote in the world. Fields, hundreds of acres in extent, planted with beans, sugar beets, orchards of oranges, olives, prunes and grapes, abound in this section.

September 12th, 7:30 a. m., arrived at Monterey. While the "Last Call" were eating breakfast, some of us took a walk about the grounds of Hotel Del Monte. The grounds about this hotel are elaborately

laid out with flowers, hedges, foliage, etc. Here we were given a seventeen-mile drive through a beautiful park owned by the hotel corporation, nearly all of which borders on the Pacific Ocean. This drive is considered one of the greatest attractions of California. We saw Carmel Mission; the first state capitol of California; and the first brick house ever built

September 13th, en route through Nevada. Arrived at Blue Canyon at 7:30 A. M., 4,700 feet above the level of the sea. This morning we passed through 40 miles of snowsheds, and saw ruins of some burned a few days before. We were then on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. A short stop was made at Tuckee, altitude 5,600 feet. We passed a



A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA HOME.

Courtesy of H. R. Fitch.

in the state; and cypress trees said to be 3,000 years old. We returned from this drive for luncheon at the Hotel Del Monte. This is one of the most beautiful hotels on the Pacific Coast; dining room seats 800 people. Some of us took trolley cars to the town, and had a ride in glass bottom boats, in the bay.

wreck near Reno, where two trains, with two engines on each train, had a head-on collision. One train contained Knights Templar from Massachusetts. Few passengers were injured, but two railroad men were killed. One large engine was bottom side up in the ditch, and another one side-tracked about a

mile away; so jammed into the tender of the one in front, that the tender was balanced on the pilot, with no wheels, or other props, under it. We were 24 hours behind this accident.

are side tracks and signal stations on the trestle. In its construction they had to drive piling 125 feet before reaching hard pan. This Cut-Off has been used for freight trains since March last. Our train was



"THE COURT OF CORONADO HOTEL."

Courtesy of H. R. Fitch.

September 14th, at 6:40 A. M. we were crossing Salt Lake on the so-called Lucien Cut-Off. It is 41 miles across the lake at this point; 28 miles of the road is on trestle which is planked over, and the ties are laid in broken rock several inches deep. There

about the fifth passenger train to pass over it. Those preceding us were Knights Templar trains. To cross this Cut-Off requires one hour and a half, and saves forty miles in making a trip from the west. Its estimated cost was \$5,000,000; actual cost, \$20,000,000.



"WEAVING NAVAJO BLANKETS."

This lake is 90 miles long and 40 miles wide. In the middle of the bridge we were out of sight of land.

We arrived at Salt Lake City at 11 a. m. Special trolleys were waiting to take us about the city, and to the Knutsford Hotel. This is a fine, large building, and will accommodate 300 guests, and cost \$900,000. Here lunch was served, after which we started for a steam car ride to Salt Air Beach, on Great Salt Lake, where many of our party took a salt water bath. It is said that the lake is drying up, as the pavilion that was once on the water's edge is now a long distance from the water; it has that appearance, but it will be many years before it will be totally dry. After an hour's visit we returned to the city, and visited the Mormon Tabernacle, where we had the pleasure of listening to an organ recital, for our benefit. This tabernacle is a large building, seating 10,000 people. It is 250 feet long from east to west, 150 feet wide, and ceiling 63 feet high, and turtle back in form. It is used for church purposes, and large gatherings. It contains one of the largest and finest organs in the world, and the acoustic properties are so perfect that a pin dropped at one end of the building may be heard at the other.

Salt Lake City has 100 miles of what they term "brook-lined streets," *i. e.*, water running in the gutters, constantly, direct from the mountains. The streets are 132 feet wide, including sidewalks 20 feet wide, and trees border the streets on both sides. Each block is ten acres square, and every street straight; with trolley and telegraph poles in center. State street is as straight as it can be for 22 miles out beyond the city limit. Fruit trees and shrubbery grow in every yard. There are many fine and costly buildings; the

City and County Building cost \$1,000,000. If we saw any Mormons, we did not know it. One of our Sir Knights, soon after our arrival, who has a very long beard, was made the subject of a snap shot; the young lady remarking very proudly that this was the first Mormon that she had seen.

At 6 P. M. we were on our train for an all night's ride to Glenwood Springs, via the Denver & Rio Grande. The grades on this road are very heavy



MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Courtesy of Simmons & Marsters.

and required three engines to get us over the grades.

Arrived Glenwood, September 15th, 7 A. M. Escorted to the famous Hot Springs, where several of our party took baths in the swimming pool, which is 600 feet long and 125 feet wide. The water was quite warm, and about two rods from the tank was a

boiling hot springs of 127 degrees of heat, flowing 6,000 gallons per minute. These springs are named The Yampah Hot Springs and this resort is one of the most famous in Colorado. There is also a fine stone bathing house, 160 feet long and two stories high, connected with these Springs. In connection with the bathing tank there is a chute which is about 35 feet long, elevated to an angle of 45 degrees, and also a spring board, where several of the bathers enjoyed shooting the chutes and diving. The honors were equally divided between Delap and Loomis, as to which made the biggest splash in shooting the chutes, and the prize was awarded Saxton, as being the best diver. Warner was entitled to the Blue Ribbon, as the best swimmer, while Dr. Maine, a red ribbon, for the most artistic bathing suit. There is a long bridge over the Grand River, which connects the Main Street with the springs and Hotel Colorado, which is back of the springs on an elevation, nestling in the foliage at the base of a wooded mountain. There is a fountain in the hotel court, the water of which rises to a height of 186 feet by natural force. The hotel will accommodate 500 or more; is nicely furnished, and its attractions are largely added to by the above named court. Inside of the hotel is a charming grotto, with running water, etc. It was at the depot that our Eminent Commander Baxter enacted the role of newsboy, selling the papers of the newsboy who was on an errand for the Eminent. Trade was quite brisk, and he sold nearly all of the papers before the boy returned. We left Glenwood at 9 A. M.

We passed through a tunnel one-half mile long, then through the Grand River Canyon, a distance of

15 miles. The scenery here is unsurpassed anywhere. We followed the banks of the Grand River. Snow was seen on the mountains in the distance. We



THE ROYAL GORGE.
Courtesy of Simmons & Marsters.

passed through Eagle River Canyon, the Black Canyon, Royal Gorge, etc. Our itinerary was arranged that we might pass over this route by daylight. We

went through Tennessee Pass in Colorado at 1 p. m., and noted where the waters divided that flow to the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. We were then 10,240 feet above tide-water. The sides of the mountains were honeycombed with holes where the miners have prospected. We were now near the head of the Arkansas River. We witnessed a snow storm about 15 miles away, on the side of the mountain, and at the same time a decided change was noted in the atmosphere. We reached the Royal Gorge at 4 p. m. For several miles this railroad has three rails, for the accommodation of either standard or narrow gauge cars. Arrived at Colorado Springs at 8:30 p. m., and here our train was backed down to Manitou, a distance of two miles, where we were side-tracked at 9 p. m., to remain all night.

Friday, the 16th, we were up early, and first breakfast was called at 6 a. m., in order that we might get an early start for Pike's Peak. Some of the early risers had the pleasure of seeing a cowboy on a bronco, driving a herd of burros, about 40 in number, along the road near the train. Here also, one of our early risers saw the door of the tool box open, under one of our cars, and a tramp's head appearing. When asked what he was looking for, replied, "Daylight," and then crawled out, and made off for his breakfast.

Some of us walked to Manitou, one mile away, near the base of the mountain near Pike's Peak, and visited the mineral springs. We saw the burros that had passed our train, all saddled and ready for hire. Our New York friend who was with us on our trip, created no end of amusement by trying to ride one of the burros. His feet almost touched the ground,

and the cowboy rode behind him, and applied the whip quite vigorously to the little animal. The burro went where he desired, sometimes in the road, and



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.
Courtesy of Simmons & Marsters.

often on the sidewalk. It was suggested to our New York friend that he get off and let the burro ride a while.

Members who did not wish to ascend Pike's Peak visited Colorado Springs, or the Garden of the Gods. In ascending Pike's Peak only one car is allowed to each engine, and that is never coupled to the car. This road is called the Cog-Wheel Route, or Abt System Cog Road, completed in 1890. It is nine miles long, and requires one and one-half hours to make the ascent. The cars seat fifty persons each. There are four trains, which start at intervals of ten minutes. Three stops for water are made in making the ascent. There are 6 stations on the line; one has a post office. At an elevation of 8,400 feet is Minnehaha Falls. A small girl accompanied us, handing each one of us a blank card with the request that we write our name and address on them. These she collected, and left them at Mont View Station, 10,000 feet above the sea. The Pike's Peak News is published at this point. On our return we stopped, and the girl boarded the train with copies of the Pike's Peak News, which contained our names and addresses; price ten cents per copy. All bought the paper, as it often costs more than ten cents to get our names in the paper at home. At 11,500 feet we reached timber line; here we passed Windy Point, and were soon at the top of Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet above the sea. On top of the Summit House is a steel tower, which contains a powerful telescope. The Peak contains an area of several acres. Snowballs were made from the snow about the base of the boulders. Cameras were kept busy, and Past Eminent Commander Delap was seen posing as Napoleon, for Artist Loomis.

On the down trip, one young man was seen to topple over into the lap of another fellow. If it had

been a lady's lap into which he had fallen we might have been suspicious as to the genuineness of the faint; but this was real, as it took a doctor more than half an hour to bring him to. In the afternoon those who visited Pike's Peak took carriages for the ride through the Garden of the Gods. We rode 16 miles through woods, and very fine roads. The principal point of interest was the queer formation of the soft sandstone cliffs. Some of these were over one hundred feet high, and only a few feet through. Here were representatives of Kissing Camels, Frog Under a Toadstool, Lions, etc. Nestling at the base of the hills, and in what looked like a swamp, was a nicely laid out piece of land, on which a Mr. Palmer was building a castle. We all thought the man must be crazy to put so much money into this forsaken place. Left Colorado Springs at 6:25 p. m., arrived at Denver at 8:25 p. m., September 17th, where we were side tracked for the night.

At Denver, on the morning of the 18th, a special train awaited us for a trip over one of the crookedest roads in the world, the Colorado & Southern Railway to Georgetown and Silver Plume. Left Denver at 9 a. m., arrived at Silver Plume, 12:15 p. m.; distance, 52 miles. We rode 37 miles through Clear Creek Canyon. Clear Creek extended nearly the entire distance. The mountains along here have been tunneled every few rods for ore, all the way to the Plume. The scenery was very fine. We had pointed out to us, by our guide, the various points of interest; Georgetown Loop, Mother Grundy, Hanging Rock, Rocky Point, Lion's Head, etc. Near here, in 1860, a miner struck a rich vein, and sold out for \$25,000. He at once left this region and turned his attention to other

pursuits. That man was George M. Pullman, the inventor of sleeping cars, in which we spent nearly four weeks of this journey. We soon arrived at Georgetown, 8,476 feet above the sea level. Mining is carried on extensively, and it is a busy city, right in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Green Lake, which is 10,000 feet above the sea, was observed 21 1-2 miles in the distance. Argentine Pass is 7 miles from here, which is claimed to have a wagon road, which reached the highest point of any road in the United States. As we left Georgetown we made the celebrated "Loop" over viaducts, curves, through cuts, and the Big Fill, 76 feet high, the curve being so sharp that a bridge could not be built over it. The road, on making this loop, crosses itself four times, and goes a distance of four miles to cover one mile, and crosses the creek 18 times.

On arrival at Silver Plume there was a rush for the lunch room. This place received its name from James G. Blaine, "The Plumed Knight," and has an altitude of 9,176 feet, and is the terminus of the railroad. The "Loop" was built in 1882, the track on the bridge is 70 feet higher than the track underneath, and is 90 feet above the creek. At 2 p. m. we left Silver Plume; arrived Denver 4:45 p. m. Some took cars, autos, tally-ho or hacks, for a ride about the city. Here we were reminded of home; lawns, shrubbery, flowers, trees and houses, look very much as they do in Eastern cities. A large portion of the residences and blocks are built of light colored stone. Denver is 5,183 feet above the sea. Dr. G. P. Packard, once a resident of Hartford, called upon the party here. Left Denver, 7:30 p. m. via the Rock Island route.

On the Rock Island we had the prize shake-up of the whole trip; many of the party being busy trying to remain in their berths during the night's ride.

Stopped at Topeka for ice and water. It has a fine station; broad streets, and the appearance of a very lively city. The mercury registered 84 degrees above in the station. To-day we passed through several miles of very fine farms; all the crops in splendid condition.

Arrived Kansas City, 3:30 p. m. Boarded special cars for a trolley ride about the city, and were shown the different points of interest. It was very hot, and the song, "How Dry I Am" was started several times, until at last, when opportunity presented itself in the suburbs of the city, our Eminent Commander, and Past Commander Delap, left the car, not to quench their individual thirst, but to return bearing a basket full of ginger ale, etc., which we drank with relish. We finally arrived at Hotel Midland, a fine hotel, where we were served the best dinner of the whole trip. At the hotel we were met by Bro. Thomas Morrow, originally from Hartford, also Bro. D. W. Phelps, who was once an Eastern man. Left Kansas City, 8:10 p. m., for an all night's ride through Missouri. We were in a thunder shower most all night. It rained very hard at times, but cleared as we arrived in St. Louis, 8:30 a. m. Here the train was sidetracked, a short distance from the main entrance of the Fair Grounds. Our dining car conductor gave us a complimentary breakfast, which was appreciated by all.

On reaching the Fair Grounds the first objective point was the Connecticut Building, in search of mail. From here our "routes diverged"—but were

not of a rough nature like some of the routes we have traveled before. Some of our party lost their wives, and others their husbands (and Mrs. Delap lost her purse which was returned to her intact by a mason after many days) on the first day's visit, but they found them waiting when they returned to the sleeping cars.

We shall not attempt to describe the Fair. Suffice to say, that the grounds cover over 1200 acres, and there are over four hundred buildings. If it had only covered 600 acres it would have been appreciated by those who tried to see everything in one week's time.

Connecticut was well represented in every department, and held its own with the other States and nations. Those who spent part of the three days' sojourn in looking about St. Louis, found a busy city. The streets, while not of great width, are very straight and long. The trolley car system is excellent. The immense railroad bridge called the "Merchant's Bridge," is an excellent piece of work.

At St. Louis we visited the Masonic Home of the State of Missouri. It is a nice place, containing 65 occupants, mostly children. Our home at Wal-lingford is far superior to it in every respect.

September 21st, we were ready for the start East, at 3:30 p. m. Sir Knight W. W. Frayer, and wife, Sir Knight A. M. Wilson, and wife, Miss Phelps, and Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. R. W. Gray for her home in Chicago, Ill., left us here for a more extended trip, and Miss Randall was added to the party.

Our route was via the Wabash Railroad to Buffalo. At Homer, 167 miles out from St. Louis, our

engine gave out, and we were compelled to wait thirty minutes for a freight engine, which hauled us to the next terminal. No one but Delap and Barbour will ever realize how near they came to being left at this place.

5 A. M., the 22d, arrived Detroit. Ferried across to Windsor, and at 6 o'clock were again on our journey through Canada. Arrived Niagara Falls, 1.45 P. M., to the United States side at 2:25 P. M., four hours behind schedule time. We were rushed to the International House for lunch, then for a trolley ride, passing over the great steel bridge which spans the river to the Canadian side, from which we had a fine view of the falls and rapids. We rode one mile up the river, to view the Horseshoe Falls and the rapids above the falls. At this point, we made a loop, and returned on the high cliff overlooking the water. We saw "The Maid of the Mist," making her trips back and forth. We passed under the two railroad bridges, making a circuit above the Whirlpool until we arrived at Queenstown Heights, and visited Brock Monument. It is 200 feet high, on a high elevation.

The descent from the Heights is by a long loop to Lewiston Suspension Bridge. Here is situated the town of Queenstown, the head of navigation for steamers from Toronto. We then crossed the river, and turned to the south and made a run to Lewiston, when we looped again, and returned to the American side; winding in and out along the banks of the river by the Gorge route. We passed the Devil's Hole, where a company of British soldiers were massacred by the Indians in 1763; being driven over the cliff, and meeting with death on the rocks below. We

had a fine view of the Whirlpool Rapids, and its never ceasing, tossing, and ever foaming, waters. At this point we were only a few feet above the river. We again passed under the railroad bridges on the American side, and reached Niagara Falls City, having made the Great Gorge route of over 20 miles in about two hours. This was our last stopping place before reaching home, and I think it was the grandest trip of any one day that we had had since leaving Hartford.

We left the Falls 6:30 P. M., one hour behind our schedule time. At 6:30 A. M. on the 23d, we found ourselves among the iron and ore foundries of Eastern Pennsylvania. We were again on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, one of the best roads we have traveled over during the past four weeks. At Easton we crossed the Delaware River to Phillipsburg, and so on to Jersey City, where we arrived at 8:30 A. M. Here we cut out the dining car, and waiters, and three cheers were given for the steward, A. W. Hewitt, which were responded to with good will. We left on the ferry "Maryland," at 9:15. This was a very pleasant day, and our ride around New York City was thoroughly enjoyed. Many were heard to remark that they wished they could make the remainder of the trip by boat. Arrived Harlem River, 10:30, and at 10:50 were on our way to dear old Connecticut. Arrived Bridgeport, 12 noon. Left 12:10 for Waterbury, arriving there 1:40 P. M. Here Eminent Commander Baxter and Sir Knight Delap procured ham and bread and made sandwiches for all, which were immensely enjoyed. Left Waterbury 2 P. M., stopping at Plainville, and at New Britain, to allow Sir Knights and friends, from

there, to get off. After three cheers for those on the platform, which was returned by those on our train, we started for Hartford, arriving here at 3:15. The last day's trip was the most quiet and the least enjoyed of any of the 28, since we left home. We all realized that this was the day of the breaking up of the grandest trip of our lives, and that in all probability many of us would never meet again. We were conveyed by steam railroads more than 10,000 miles, and by trolley and carriage, 200 miles.

The three Bills (Baxter, Prayer, and Loomis) and the two Georges (Delap and Foster) were very much in demand on several occasions, on our trip. Especially the Bills, and one George, for it was to them we had to plead when in want of anything to quench our thirst. Bill Baxter saw that we were well supplied with fruit on several occasions; also took pains after all were retired to arouse us and inform us that we had to take breakfast one hour earlier the next morning. Sir Knight Preston was busy assisting the ladies at all times.

Thanks are due to Sir Knight Dr. C. M. Wooster for his professional courtesies during the trip. The various committees performed their duties in a very acceptable manner. There was never an excursion made of this magnitude, where all the details were better worked out, and complied with, than on this occasion.

ASA P. FITCH.

Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone Park party of Washington Commandery's excursion to San Francisco, left Hartford, Friday, August 19th. Our trip was over

the same route as the main party with stops at Chicago and St. Paul, until Livingston, Montana, was reached August 23rd, where our car, the Killarney, was switched to the branch line for Gardiner, the northern entrance to the park. Here the government has erected an imposing stone arch, or gateway to the park, and the Railway Company has erected a unique log depot, it being the terminus of the railroad.

We were met by the Tally-ho coaches of the Park Transportation Company, and our party of thirty were transferred to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, five miles from Gardiner.

After lunch the afternoon was spent in viewing the Mammoth Hot Springs which have built up a series of terraces, and are very beautiful in their coloring and in their formations. These springs cover an area of about 200 acres. There are seventy-five active springs here, varying in temperature from 80 to 190 degrees Fahrenheit. There are no active geysers here at present, but two large cones of extinct geysers stand at no great distance from the hotel and are the first objects to attract attention. The larger one called Liberty Cap, is a shaft standing by itself, about fifty feet high and twenty feet in diameter. The park is 65 miles wide and 75 miles long, containing a little larger area than the State of Connecticut. Its altitude is higher than Mount Washington, and is crossed by a spur of the Rocky Mountains, running from Southeast to Northwest. The open season for the Park is from the middle of June to the middle of September, and the trip through the Park takes six days, stopping at different hotels each night.

At Mammoth Hot Springs are the headquarters of the government troops, there being two companies of cavalry here, who patrol the Park to look out for fires, and to protect the game from being destroyed by hunters. The government has expended several hundred thousand dollars, in making good roads and bridges through the Park, and this summer sprinkled about one hundred miles, of the one hundred and fifty that the trip covers. The hotels in the park are large and commodious, able to care for two to three hundred guests easily. August 27th, we left Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel at 8 o'clock for the first day's ride, passing on the way the Silver and Golden gates, and the Hoodoos which are immense boulders, some of them as large as a medium sized house, which covers a space about a mile square, and look as though they had been dropped there by some immense power. Silver Gate and Golden Gate are narrow passes among the rocks through which the road runs.

On the way to Norris Basin, where we lunched, we passed Obsidian Cliff, a ridge about 250 feet high and 1000 feet long, of volcanic glass.

The construction of the roadway along its base was accomplished in a novel manner, and with considerable difficulty. Great fires were built around the huge blocks of glass, which when heated, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, resulting in shattering the blocks into small fragments. This process made possible the construction of this really wonderful roadway, probably the only piece of glass road in the world.

At Norris Basin there are a few geysers, the chief one being called the Monarch. The Growler is

the significant name of another from which a column of steam issues constantly with a hissing noise as though escaping from an over heated boiler. In the afternoon, we passed the beautiful Falls of Gibbon River, and reached Fountain Hotel about 5:30 p. m. After dinner, we went over to the Fountain Geyser, and were fortunate enough to see it in eruption, as it had been quiet for a long time. It throws an immense volume of boiling hot water up 80 to 100 feet high, and continues to do so for ten to fifteen minutes. The Mammoth Paint Pots which are nearby, are one of the chief wonders of the park. They are about forty feet in diameter, and are filled with a thick pasty mud of varying hues, from cream white to a dull dark red, and steam coming up through them throws up splashes of mud, which assumes fantastic forms for a moment, and then drops back into the mass.

August 25th we left Fountain Hotel for a short ride to the Upper Geyser Basin, on the way passing the Excelsior Geyser, the largest in the world, but rarely in a state of activity. The Turquoise Spring and Prismatic Lake were also passed, the latter showing all the colors of the rainbow in the water. The upper geyser basin is a nearly level tract of about four square miles, with the Firehole River running through it. There are forty geysers here, the principal ones being Old Faithful, Castle, Bee Hive, Giant, Giantess, Grotto, Lion and Lioness. Many beautiful springs are in close proximity to the geysers and are second only to them, in interest. The subterranean forces are never at rest here, clouds of steam rising from the springs in every direction, and some one or more geysers are in erup-

tion all the time. Old Faithful is so called, because every sixty-five minutes, night or day, summer or winter, it throws up a column of boiling hot water, five feet in diameter to a height of 150 to 200 feet, holding it there for from five to ten minutes, then gradually falling lower and lower until it sinks down out of sight. It is estimated that at each eruption, Old Faithful throws over a million gallons of water up into the air or 25 million gallons a day, enough to supply the city of Hartford with water for four days. The Giant usually plays about once a week for a period of one and a half to two hours. An immense column of water is lifted 250 feet into the air, gradually dropping down until it disappears. This is preceded by a rumbling sound not unlike a distant train of moving cars. The Old Faithful Inn just completed, and situated where most all of these geysers can be seen from the verandas, is one of the most unique buildings that we ever saw. It is 500 to 600 feet long, a rambling house built entirely of logs with gables, dormer windows, verandas, balconies, and quaint niches here and there, that make it an ideal place to rest in. The office is in one corner of a rotunda about 100 feet square rising up to the ridge of the roof 85 feet high. At each floor are wide balconies leading to the sleeping rooms. On one side of the rotunda is an immense stone chimney with four great fireplaces, where roaring log fires are kept going for warmth and pleasure. In the evening they make a big bed of coals in one, then get down a corn popper about two feet wide and four feet long and one foot deep; into this they put corn enough to fill it when popped, and then pass the corn when popped, around to the guests who watch

the operation with a great deal of pleasure. One of the features at this hotel is the black and grizzly bears to be seen near the hotel at sundown.

It is the custom of the employees at sundown, to take the garbage that is made during the day, out to a dumping place about one-quarter of a mile from the hotel, and throw it upon the ground; in a short time the bears smell it, and from six to twelve big fellows come out of the woods and eat it up. While they are thus engaged, the guests of the hotel go out part way to a safe distance and watch them.

The hotel is lighted by electricity, and late in the evening, a large searchlight on top of the building is lighted and the light thrown upon the geysers, the springs, the woods, the bears, Old Faithful, when in eruption, and the clouds of steam rising from the springs, making a beautiful picture and one long to be remembered. No one is allowed to shoot or frighten the wild animals in the park, under a severe penalty, and the result is, that buffalo, deer, elk, mountain sheep, bears, woodchucks and squirrels without number are to be seen as one takes the trip through the park. At Mammoth Hot Springs, the government has a herd of buffaloes, numbering 57, one of the largest herds now in existence, of the millions who once roamed the western plains.

Leaving this delightful spot August 26th, our road took us up over the Continental Divide at an altitude of 8400 feet. From this point we could see Shoshone Lake whose waters flow through Snake River and the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean. While a short distance to the east is Yellowstone Lake, whose waters flow into the Atlantic Ocean. At Thumb Station on Yellowstone Lake, we halted for

lunch. Near the station are numerous springs and several paint pots boiling and bubbling over, as also, one spouting geyser. A geyser cone with a hot water spring in the center, is located at the edge of the lake and here one can catch a trout in the lake and without stirring from the place, drop it into the spring and cook it without removing it from the hook. After lunch, some of the party went a short distance from the hotel, and by calling, a number of woodchucks came from the brush, and would feed from their hands, they are so tame.

A steamer sails from this place along the lake to the Lake Hotel, at the mouth or end of the lake. Some of our party took this trip, while the rest of us rode around the shore of the lake to the hotel, passing on the way, a natural bridge which spans a small creek. On arrival at the hotel, we found a new and modern house of Colonial design and finely appointed throughout, with the immense sitting rooms and dining rooms looking out upon and across the lake to the mountains beyond, one of which is called the Sleeping Giant, because the outline of it resembles a huge face looking up to the sky. Yellowstone Lake is about 15 by 20 miles in extent, the largest body of water in the United States at this altitude, about 8,000 feet. It is full of fish, and while there, two of our party went out in a boat, were gone one hour, and returned with twenty-two lake trout about twenty inches long which were cooked for breakfast. At this hotel, the party had the pleasure of seeing six or eight big fat bears come out of the woods and eat up the garbage, dumped there for them.

August 27th we left for the seventeen-mile drive to Canyon Hotel and the Falls of the Yellowstone,

passing on the way the famous Mud Volcano. It is a pit about 30 feet in diameter and 25 feet deep, and from a large opening at one side at the bottom, belches forth great volumes of steam, water and mud, with a dull roaring sound, like distant thunder. The road follows the river all the way and is one of the pleasantest drives in the park. The Yellowstone Falls are two in number, the upper being 140 feet high while the lower one is 360 feet high, or more than twice the height of Niagara Falls. The river here is about 80 feet wide and below the lower falls, the banks are from 1200 to 2000 feet high. They are beautifully colored with all the shades, from white to a dark red. The Canyon is about 10 miles long and is considered by many the greatest marvel in the park. There are deeper gorges elsewhere, but none so beautifully colored as this rift, through which the Yellowstone finds its way to the open plain beyond.

August 28th we left Canyon Hotel, our road leading west to Norris Geyser Basin about 12 miles distant. The road runs part of the way beside the Upper Gibbon River. The Virginia Cascades where the stream falls down a rocky incline for 200 feet or more, are close to the road and make a pretty picture. After lunch at Norris Geyser Basin Hotel, we proceeded to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel over the same road we came into the park on, arriving there about 3 p. m. After changing our clothes, packing our trunks and checking them to Portland, Oregon, and having a good dinner, the coaches carried us back to Gardiner where we boarded our Pullman Sleeper and started for Seattle our next stopping place. At Portland, where we arrived two days

earlier than the main party, some of our party took a trip up the Columbia River about 45 miles to the Cascades. Here the government has expended several millions of dollars in making a canal with immense granite locks for the passage of boats around the cascades. On the way up the river we stopped at a station and all got out to view the Falls of Multnomah, which are 860 feet high and make a beautiful sight. We took a steamer for the ride down the river, passing on the way many curious rock formations for which the lower Columbia is famed. We also passed a great many salmon canneries with the large wheels and boats that are used to catch the salmon, the wheels revolving by the force of the water, scooping the fish up and throwing them into the boat, a lazy man's way, but very effective as they catch millions this way.

The second day of our stay in Portland, the main part of the excursion arrived, and the rest of the journey was made with them, our car, the Killarney, being attached to their special train, and our party being assigned as the fourth or last relay in the dining car, the car seating 32 people at each meal. Hence our party's watchword became, *Last call for breakfast.*

H. B. PHILBRICK.

"Deep Sea Gardens."

ALICE H. FARMER in *Hartford High School Chronicle*.

"Throw in a nickel! Mister, throw in a nickel!" was the cry that filled the air as the steamer Cabriello steamed slowly up to the dock at Avalon. The pass-

engers rushed to the rail to see a dozen or fifteen small boys flapping about in the water, diving for nickels. Their faces were brown and blistered, and their cheeks, filled with their booty, stuck out like chipmunk's. Lucky youngsters! for on the Pacific Coast the nickel is the smallest unit of change and a penny is practically unknown. It is the greatest sport imaginable to see the boys splashing about in the water, sometimes two or three diving for the same nickel. These boys spend the summer at Catalina and practically live in their bathing suits. By meeting every steamer and by following the glass-bottomed boats on their way to the gardens, they pick up quite a goodly sum. On questioning one of the boys, whose left cheek was about three times its normal size, we learned that he had \$1.55 hidden there.

The hoarse cry of "Everyone hold their own tickets" brought us to our senses, and we filed down the gang plank and walked along the pier toward Avalon, a fishing station much visited by tourists and anglers. Avalon is most beautifully situated in the bow of a crescent shaped harbor, overlooking the dreamy Pacific toward Los Angeles fifty miles away. The harbor from the Sugar Loaf to the other horn of the crescent is sheltered from the stormy winds of the vast Pacific by a rocky back-ground over which wild goats climb. The summer sea is so clear that near the northern point of the crescent the bottom fifty feet below is plainly visible. Here lie the far renowned Deep Sea Gardens.

After a plunge in the Pacific, the temperature of which a few days before was 72 degrees, and lunch at the Metropole, one of the many hotels which

abound at this popular resort, we eagerly found seats in one of the glass-bottomed row-boats that were starting out for a visit to the gardens. The whole party with one accord lean over the frame in the center of the boat which encloses the glass and look down through the water. The boat is pushed off, and they are amazed to see schools of pin fish swim by undisturbed by the many eyes fixed upon them. As the water grows deeper larger fish are seen and slimy kelp floats by. As the boat is paddled along, the blue water grows clear; and the Abolonea shells are seen on the bottom, and feathery sea-weed waves back and forth in the current. Here and there tiny electric fish dart, their bright spots looking like tiny electric lights among the sea-weed.

The boat scrapes and passes between two hidden rocks, and the garden proper is beneath us. No Italian garden can compare with the beauties of the deep. A waving mass of different colored growths covers the bottom, studded here and there by iridescent shells of all sizes and shapes. One can now imagine the slow formation of a coral island, for the red coral stretches tiny spires toward daylight, and whole masses of fringed sea-weed, yellow, red, and lavender, wave over the spires with gentle touch. Gold fish as large as perch make their home here and lazily swim about among the moss-covered rocks with as much unconcern as if they were far out in the summer sea instead of the target of many watchful eyes. Many colored perch dart by, and once in the crevice of a rock, we saw the spines of the sea craw-fish.

As we paddle slowly along our guide explains the wonderful formations on the rocks and names

the flowers which wave their tiny petals just as a star fish does when disturbed. One woman asked the guide if he would get her a shell brilliant with all the colors of the rainbow, it appearing to be only a few feet below the surface. All were amazed when he replied that instead of being three feet below it was fifteen or eighteen and that the instant it was brought into the air all the brilliant color would vanish. *Here* things are not what they seem.

I turned around to take a picture of the boats following in our course, and a ridiculous sight met my eyes: three different parties of people all leaning over the center of the boats, stretching their necks as if they had never seen anything before. One could stay drifting around all day and discover something new and wonderful at every move, but the motion of the boat and the lazy waving of the sea-weed was too much for some of the party, and they begged the guide to take them back to Avalon.

Back we went and had enough time left to watch the boatmen that line up along the shore like hack-drivers, and to look down the row of stands upon which are hung huge fishes. It seems hardly credible that white sea bass and the silver and gold yellowtail, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, can be taken with rod and reel, but such is the fact; and in June and July, when the tuna-fishing is on, fish as large as a man are exhibited. One can then believe almost *any* fish story.

The steamer whistled and, each holding his own ticket, we made our way down the crowded pier to the steamer bound for San Pedro, greatly anticipating another sail on the beautiful Pacific and a chance to watch the many gulls and queer looking flying fish.

"Chinatown, San Francisco."

ESTHER J. CADY, in *Hartford High School Chronicle*.

A city within a city. That is what Chinatown really is, for it is as distinctly separated from the rest of San Francisco as if stone walls enclosed it.

At all hours of the day one can see parties of these visitors accompanied by guides on the way through Chinatown; but in the evening there is more to see and consequently that is the popular time for going. However, if a party wishes to visit Chinatown in the evening, it is advisable to start out early and to engage a good guide beforehand. For al-



HOTEL CORONADO AND BEACH.

Courtesy of H. R. Fitch.

By the other inhabitants of the city, it is naturally considered an objectionable portion, but for visitors it is one of the chief attractions and certainly the most interesting.

though there are a great many of these so-called guides, some are much better than others, either because they have been in the business longer or because they are on friendly terms with the Chinamen

and for that reason are received in certain places without a sign of resentment, where others would not be allowed to enter at all.

Invariably a guide will first take his party down Dupont Street, where the Chinese stores and bazars are located. Sing Fat's, the largest and most pretentious of these, is especially interesting. Everyone receives a little yellow Chinese flag as he enters the door. Inside he can wander about as he pleases, looking at the beautiful Chinese arts and enrios. The price of each article is written in English upon it, and all one has to do is to wait upon one's self and then pay for the article. Of course if anyone is lucky enough to know just what he wants he can ask one of the Chinamen to get it for him, but usually it is hard to name exactly what is wanted in a curio shop. It would be by no means dull to spend the whole evening in these shops, but of course the guide cannot give so much time, and fifteen or twenty minutes has to suffice.

Down the street a little way he leads the party into a tiny little room which smells as nothing ever smelt before. This he informs them is the drug store. There are no rows of shelves filled with bottles, but instead drawers of uniform size reaching from floor to ceiling. These contain herbs, and what seems strangest of all, not one drawer is labelled. The clerks are expected to know what each herb is either by sight, taste or smell. Evidently the Chinese must trust the senses of their clerks to a remarkable degree, more so than the visitors. For when a clerk, as is the custom, gives to each one a queer looking thing which he tells them will cure a sore throat, some slip it in their purse without a taste, while

others, a little less suspicious, swallow it cautiously, as if they expected it to take effect immediately in a way not wholly pleasant.

The next place to be entered is a restaurant. On the street level is a tiny little hall, at the end of which is a long flight of stairs. Everything is as dark as it can be and there is quite a little stumbling to be expected before the top is reached. There one finds a little room filled with small wooden tables and chairs. Chinamen are usually seated at these, if it is a meal time, eating with chop sticks and Chinese spoons from Chinese dishes. They never seem to mind an audience while eating so, and it would be rather interesting to watch them, if the food they ate were not so nauseating. This little room, however, is not the best the restaurant contains. One more flight must be climbed; but these stairs are lighted, so the ascent is not so blind as the other. The room above is much larger and the tables are beautifully inlaid, while the chairs and other furniture are elaborately carved. One corner is shut off from the rest by curtains, from behind which is coming the most hideous noise imaginable. A Chinese banquet is taking place, so the guide informs the party. No one is allowed to intrude upon their privacy, and indeed after hearing them very few have any desire to look. In the main room is a queer looking safe, which the Chinese waiters are quite willing to show. This safe has seven keys beside its regular combination, and these are given to seven different Chinamen. It makes it very convenient for them, for the safe cannot be opened without everyone of these keys. Robbers or police raids are never able to find all seven, so the contents

of the safe remains a secret; at least that is the story they tell, anyway.

Around a corner from the restaurant is a little church, where a few Christians come every night to teach the Christian religion to all the Chinamen they can persuade to enter. I do not know how successful their efforts are. It seems as if they might be more so, if tourists were not allowed, for these get more attention from the Chinamen than do their patient instructors.

The Joss house is down the street a little way, and that comes next in the itinerary. A stairway of stone steps leads to a large room on the second floor. This room is not furnished, but is simply filled with curiosities, many of which are very costly and beautiful. Of course the majority of them are idols, before which a light of some kind is kept always burning. These images are extremely hideous, but the carving and modeling of some is very fine. Besides the idols there are a great many beautiful carvings in ivory and metals of different kinds, representing battles, court scenes, and such subjects. The Chinese are very superstitious about some of these things in the Joss house, and of course hold them in great reverence. Visitors are expected to respect their religious feeling, and so men remove their hats when they enter, and people talk unconsciously in voices subdued as they would in an old cathedral. Before leaving, every gentleman is expected to buy some Joss sticks, and the money received is used to pay for the expenses of the temple.

For the sake of a little change, the guide leads his party from church to theatre. The theatre in Chinatown is a pretty poor affair. There is no at-

tempt whatever at decoration of walls and ceiling, and the seats are nothing but wooden benches. The stage is in front just as in any theatre, but there is no separate place for the orchestra. That always sits on the stage itself, and keeps up a noise through the whole performance. There is not much of an attempt made in the way of scenery, and there is no curtain. The actors walk in at the beginning of the act and walk out at the end. If one character is supposed to have died during the act, the one playing that part falls to the floor, stays there a few minutes, then gets up and walks out with the rest. Altogether these performances are rather unsatisfactory, the costumes being the only redeeming feature. The principal reason why Chinese plays are no better is because Chinese actors are considered by their own people to be the lowest members of society. They are held in the greatest contempt, and are supposed to live apart from other people.

From the theatre the party goes into a queer little room in a basement of an odd looking house. Inside is a very old Chinaman. He bows to the guide and asks the party to be seated in chairs about the room. He then draws apart some curtains on one side, and there are some figures which automatically turn their heads or lift their arms in some simple way. They are arranged to represent a court scene and a Chinese trial, and are quite interesting, but very funny. The old man made them himself, so each visitor has to feign great admiration for them. The chief curiosity in this place, however, is a stone, said to have been found many years B. C. The colorings of this stone and the path of the veins on it in some places bear great resemblances to animals and

different parts of the human body. The old Chinaman takes a long stick and points out each likeness very solemnly, while in a drawling monotone he tells what each is. For a long time afterward the visitor can hear in imagination that monotonous voice saying, "bear, d-o-g, h-e-a-d, e-y-e-s, e-a-r-s, n-o-s-e, b-o-d-y." Gentlemen are here also expected to show their appreciation by giving the old man some money.

The next place is more lively. This is also a basement and visitors are requested to be seated. Then a door opens and an American man appears followed by a Chinese man and woman with seven children, the eldest being about nine years old, and the youngest a baby too young to walk. This is a Chinese family. The mother and father retire to the background while the American acts as director of the programme which follows. The children dance and sing both Chinese and American songs. They are very cunning and being dressed in pretty little silk komonos they prove quite an attraction. After the performance the smallest one passes around her little cap and there are very few even of the "tightest wads" who could refuse to give her something.

The next visit is to a musician. His act consists of playing American pieces on Chinese instruments. His repertoire is limited; "America," "Yankee Doodle," and "Star Spangled Banner" are included in the list. "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" is the favorite, and he persists in playing it on the banjo, piano, the violin, and other crazy looking instruments which he has. When he finishes these "American Classics," he favors his audience with a little Chinese music, in comparison with which a shrill scream would seem melodious. After a collection is

taken people are allowed to escape, but if they wish they are also allowed to stay to a repetition of the programme. No one stays.

Too many such programmes in succession become tiresome, so the guide now gives the party a little exercise. He leads them down a long, fearsome looking alley. On the corner is a bill board, with a poster in Chinese writing and this is surrounded by Chinamen reading the news, for this poster is their bulletin of the day's events. There are neat shops at various intervals along the alley, nasty looking places filled with fearfully smelling goods. There are fruit and tea stores, too, but these are quite decent in comparison. Further down the alley the houses beside the walk have queer looking windows. They are very small openings, with iron gratings across them. The guide tells how the slave girls used to sit up there day by day. Occasionally one can be seen looking out during the day even now, but they are not as common a sight as they were a few years ago.

A little further along the guide turns down another alley, darker and narrower than the other, and much nastier. He tells how many Chinamen have been killed in this one, and indeed the very air alone seems to say as much. It is very close, and that peculiar odor that one cannot help detecting as soon as he enters Chinatown, here is strongest. It is not a pleasant place, and one draws a breath of relief when the main street is reached again.

There is hardly time to breathe regularly again before the guide leads into a tiny little room about ten feet square. In one corner on a bunk lies an old Chinaman smoking opium. Beside him is a large

yellow cat, which looks the very picture of feline health. However, it is as diseased as the man beside it. Both have the opium habit so badly that they cannot live without it. The man lies and smokes all day with the cat beside him inhaling the fumes from the pipe. It is a pitiable sight indeed. The old man talks and answers any questions asked in a lifeless way. He sells pictures of himself and the cat which some people buy. Others do not care to give their money for the support of such fiends.

Of course there many such places in Chinatown and places worse than the opium joints. Some of these are closed to visitors by the police, but others are not. The guides, especially the officials, are very careful not to offend any member of their party, and they always tell before entering a place what is to be found inside. Then if any objections are raised, he passes by those places. Unless one cares to visit places of this kind very little else remains to be seen now, except the people themselves, walking about the streets or sitting on their queerly furnished balconies. And, after visiting all these, the evening is getting late. Time must be found somewhere to get a cup of tea before leaving, so the guide goes to a little tea room and orders tea for the party. The tea is good, and the cups clean, and the Chinamen talk with the visitors as they would to guests in their homes. They are very solicitous in asking people to come again, and usually pass out a handful of nuts as you are leaving.

On the way back to the city of San Francisco the route leads through streets where clairvoyants, fortune tellers, and rafflers of all kinds try to separate people from their money.

It is a relief to breathe "American Air" again, and the minute one gets outside of Chinatown he can tell the difference between it and the Chinese, and the comparison is in favor of the American.

It is not a sight one would care to see often, perhaps, for many reasons but the first visit is seldom regretted and never forgotten.



"The Ever-Open Golden Gate."

To the Land of Promises Fulfilled.

By KATHLEEN L. GREIG.

(Reprinted by Courtesy of The Four-Track News.)

We look westward and try to realize the wonder—a city with a golden gate! a great majestic gateway through which the ships come sailing. Some come

from nearby harbors, and some from lands far away, so far that they seem to belong to another world—stately ships from the Orient, laden with a rich cargo around which still clings the odor of myrrh. And white-winged craft come from lonely isles far out in the Pacific, and gay little pleasure steamers from sunny southern ports where life is like a day-dream. And boats there are from the cold, bleak Northland, with men on board who braved the ice and snow, the toil and nameless suffering for a few bright, precious nuggets, and in and out among these lordly ships send little boats, top-heavy with bulging sails.

All these sail through the shining foam that lies like glittering gold-dust on the waves that sweep through the Golden Gate in the harbor of San Francisco.



"SOME COME FROM NEAR-BY HARBORS, AND SOME FROM LANDS FAR AWAY."

(Reprinted by Courtesy of Four-Track News.)

This wonderful gate forms the western entrance and exit for the commerce of the Pacific. Two great, gray rocks jut out into the waves, and between them the deep blue tide flows in and out.

But with the evening comes a change. Then it is as if the philosopher's stone had touched the region and turned it into gold. First a few low-drifting clouds are changed to shining fleece, then the rocks become burnished, and then an ocean of molten gold sweeps through the Golden Gate.

We look with awe into the glowing splendor that seems not the light of the sinking sun, but the dawn of another brighter world just out of reach. Gradu-

ally the light fades and mumber shadows begin to drape themselves about the rocks. Then night sinks down upon the waves of the Pacific, but thousands of lights spring into being in the city of St. Francis

that stands upon the shore like a beacon for the mariners. And to it the wanderer turns his steps, his mind so full of thoughts of the far-off lands from which those ships came sailing that he almost forgets the wonders and beauties near at hand, and almost overlooks the fact that San Francisco is a city of

thin, high wail of a Chinese fiddle rings in his ears. From the balcony of a joss-house opposite floats the odor of burning sandalwood, like a wandering spirit from the Orient, while a swarm of Celestials, some clothed in soiled, black garments that hang loosely about them, some in rich robes of satin embroidered



"THOUSANDS OF LIGHTS SPRING INTO BEING IN THE CITY OF ST. FRANCIS."
(Courtesy of Four-Track News.)

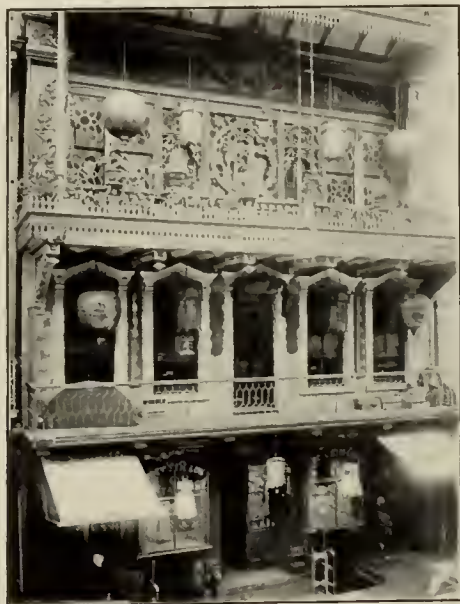
such infinite variety that he may even find a little corner of the Orient within its gates.

He need only turn his steps to Chinatown. From the moment he enters its narrow streets, stumbling now and then over a bit of tea-chest covering, or a piece of an empty ginseng crate, he will feel as if he had drifted back a thousand years at least. The

in gold and colored silks, glides past him swiftly, silently. He looks into the shop windows, gay with the wares of the mysterious East, and would not be at all surprised if he saw Confucius standing in one of the gloomy doorways under the swaying lanterns of red and yellow paper.

He enters a tea-house, and sips from curious

cups, with a still more curious china spoon, while he looks around at the dragons painted on the walls, the screens of red and black and gold, and breathes in an odor of indescribable mustiness and sandalwood, reflecting, as he gazes at the forms stealthily gliding



A CHINATOWN TEA-HOUSE.
(Courtesy of Four-Track News.)

about, on the words which Teze-Kmg spoke over a thousand years ago: "For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish." The last part of the sentence strikes

him with a personal meaning, for he remembers having said that everything in America seems new. He will never say it again—that he promises himself as he passes out, casting a backward glance into the soft twilight of blue smoke that drifts along the hall leading to the black windowless kitchen where the lurid, red glow from an open flame throws a wavering light on the yellow faces bending above it.

For hours the atmosphere of the Orient seems to cling to him and haunt him persistently, but the next day, when he wanders through beautiful Golden Gate Park, and pauses before the imposing monument erected in honor of the man who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," he raises his head proudly; an American upon American soil. The spell of the old world charm is broken. Golden Gate Park is an ideal city pleasure ground. There one looks in vain for the warning, "Keep off the grass." It throws wide its hospitable gates, inviting the people to enjoy its treasures—everything the heart can wish for, from a beautiful art building and a flower-smothered, Japanese tea garden to a merry-go-round, and no one is ever made to feel that he is walking on ground not his own.

But the sea calls. So the wanderer goes to the Cliff House and looks out upon Seal Rocks, where hundreds of the curious, unwieldy creatures sway and slide, and splash about, their hoarse barking mingling with the soft swish of the waves. Various species of water fowl also come to visit the rocks and are condescendingly received by the seals, who no doubt know of the great honor that was conferred upon them when they were placed under the protection of the American Government.

The brown rocks, with the sea-mews fluttering above them and the blue tide curling about them, form an unforgettable picture. It is beautiful always, whether seen in the glowing sunlight when a white foam fringe curls softly as a dream around them, or on a gray day when the mist creeps up from the sea and makes the outlines dim and soft and illusive.

But my favorite spot is on a promontory where one may stand and look out to sea. On the height is a garden where palm trees wave against the cloudless blue, where paths lead into nooks so dim and still that they seem to belong to the old, enchanted palace garden where even the restless winds were charmed into endless sleep. Here and there a statue gleams white amid the green, and a bird sings rapturously through the cool twilight of fragrant shrubbery, and the spell of a world-old magic creeps over him who lingers there, intoxicated by the fragrance of a wilderness of bloom, and they all come trooping back—the half-forgotten hopes and dreams—the playful children of the heart.

But best of all is a quiet spot on the parapet where one may lean against a statue and follow its

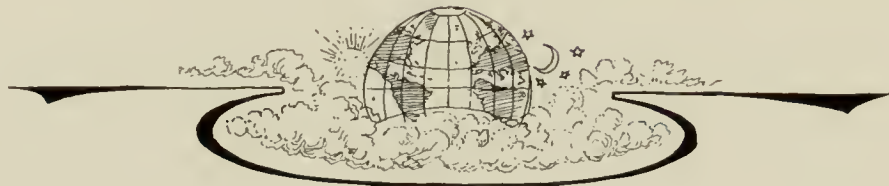
marble glance over that indescribably beautiful world of waves, the glorious Pacific. At the sight a wild exultation flames up in the heart of the beholder, a sort of nameless joy of living, a feeling akin to that which must have flashed through the hearts of Cortez's men when they stood

“Silent upon a peak in Darien.”

Think of the impression the stranger from another land gets when he enters this glorious western gate of the United States. Looking about him he must feel that, like the people of old, he has reached the land of milk and honey.

What wonder that the inhabitants of the sunset land are proud of their glorious harbor! What wonder that, after having seen it, I never see the sun sinking low in the west without longing to stand on a heaven-reaching hill and shout:

Hail! City of the Golden Gate!
Hail! San Francisco, California!



Officers of Washington Commandery, No. 1, K. T.

for 1904.

Em. Commander, . . . EM. SIR WILLIAM G. BAXTER
 Generalissimo, . . . SIR WILLIAM W. FRAYER
 Capt. General, . . . EM. SIR HALSEY B. PHILBRICK
 Senior Warden, . . . SIR WILLIAM F. LOOMIS
 Junior Warden, . . . " THEODORE H. GOODRICH
 Treasurer, . . . " MILES W. GRAVES
 Recorder, . . . " RICHARD P. MARTIN
 Prelate, . . . " FREDERICK W. PAYNE
 Standard Bearer, . . . " WILLIAM W. PEASE
 Sword Bearer, . . . " CLAYTON H. CASE
 Warder, . . . " FRANK W. DUNHAM

Captains of the Guard—SIRS FREDERICK L. FORD, EDWARD W. PRATT, W. R. NEWSOME, GEORGE O. BROTT, HOWARD G. BESTOR, HERBERT L. MILLS.

Triangle Guards—SIRS CHARLES M. WEBSTER, ASA P. FITCH, HENRY F. SMITH, W. A. BAEDOR, GEORGE A. LOOMIS, LOUIS L. BEACH, CHARLES E. PECK, HENRY E. CHAPMAN.

Commissary, . . . SIR RANSOM N. FITZGERALD
 Armorer, . . . " GEORGE H. FOSTER
 Musical Director, . . . " C. S. SHUMWAY
 Sentinel, . . . " CHARLES A. JONES

Trustees—RT. EM. SIRS JOHN G. ROOT, CHARLES E. BILLINGS, SAMUEL M. BRONSON.

Trustee of the Masonic Hall Association—
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" WM. W. FRAYER,	" R. N. FITZGERALD
" MILES W. GRAVES	" HENRY BICKFORD
" " EDWARD MAHL	" A. M. WILSON
" JOSEPH BUTHS	" E. H. PRESTON
" ASA P. FITCH	" WM. F. LOOMIS
SIR RICHARD P. MARTIN.	

Roster of Washington Commandery, No. 1, K. T.

Pilgrimage to San Francisco, 1904.

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Mrs. Geo. N. Delap, Hartford	Geo. H. Sage, Hartford	L. F. Saxton, Windsor Locks	W. H. Cadwell, New Britain
W. G. Baxter, Hartford	Mrs. Geo. H. Sage, Hartford	E. J. Porter, New Britain	Mrs. W. H. Cadwell, New Britain
Wm. W. Frayer, Hartford	I. F. Garrette, Hartford	H. M. Steele, New Britain	C. P. Davis, Hartford
Mrs. Wm. W. Frayer, Hartford	Mrs. J. F. Garrette, Hartford	Frank S. Neal, Unionville	Mrs. C. P. Davis, Hartford
H. B. Philbrick, Hartford	F. H. Crygier, Hartford	H. W. Fox, Hartford	E. S. Hart, New Britain
Arthur M. Wilson, Hartford	Mrs. F. H. Crygier, Hartford	M. M. Maine, So. Manchester	Mrs. E. S. Hart, New Britain
Mrs. Arthur M. Wilson, Hartford	Edwin J. Smith, Hartford	John Gemmill, Hartford	C. C. Rosberg, New Britain
Asa P. Fitch, Hartford	Mrs. Edwin J. Smith, Hartford	C. B. Andrus, Hartford	Mrs. C. C. Rosberg, New Britain
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Wm. F. Loomis, Hartford	Mrs. Geo. I. Clapp, Hartford	Geo. F. Taylor, Willimantic	Mrs. F. W. Barber, Windsor
E. H. Preston, Rockville	Geo. O. Simons, Hartford	Mrs. Geo. F. Taylor, Willimantic	E. F. Miller, Avon
Mrs. E. H. Preston, Rockville	Mrs. Geo. O. Simons, Hartford	J. B. Hansen, Reading, Pa.	Mrs. E. F. Miller, Avon
Joseph Butts, Hartford	Alfred W. Hadley, New Britain	Mrs. J. B. Hansen, Reading, Pa.	R. W. Burke, Middletown
F. W. Warner, Hartford	Mrs. Alfred W. Hadley, New Brit	H. E. Hosley, Springfield	J. T. Elliott, Middletown
Mrs. F. W. Warner, Hartford	C. M. Wooster, Tariffville	Mrs. H. E. Hosley, Springfield	H. T. Coleman, Middletown
C. M. Webster, Hartford	Mrs. C. M. Wooster, Tariffville	C. W. Shaw, Springfield	F. M. Schaefer, Middletown
Mrs. C. M. Webster, Hartford	A. Bueckhardt, New Britain	Mrs. C. W. Shaw, Springfield	J. M. Chatfield, Thomaston
H. B. Goodenough, Hartford	Mrs. A. Bueckhardt, New Britain	C. H. Schwaner, New London	R. N. Fowler, Holyoke
Mrs. H. B. Goodenough, Hartford	F. H. Bidwell, Collinsville	Mrs. C. H. Schwaner, N. London	C. H. Sloan, Hartford
H. C. Case, New Hartford	Mrs. F. H. Bidwell, Collinsville	G. H. Batty, Hartford	W. D. Clark, Granby
Mrs. H. C. Case, New Hartford	E. H. Arnold, Reading, Pa.	Mrs. G. H. Batty, Hartford	Y. J. Stearns, New Britain
W. H. Eddy, New Britain	Mrs. E. H. Arnold, Reading, Pa.	Francis Wells, Windsor	Harry R. Leonard, Northampton
Mrs. W. H. Eddy, New Britain	G. H. Foster, Hartford	Mrs. Francis Wells, Windsor	W. R. Tinker, So. Manchester
Geo. W. Klett, New Britain	L. W. Barnes, Hartford	R. W. Hadley, New Britain	F. D. Tansley, New York

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Miss Anna Butts, Hartford
Mrs. J. F. Kenyon, Hartford
Miss Alice Farmer, Hartford
Mrs. M. L. Atwood, Hartford
Mrs. Frank S. Kinyon, Hartford
Miss Z. E. Heath, Hartford

Mrs. I. J. Steane, Hartford
Mrs. Mary Cross, Hartford
Miss Ethel Cady, Hartford
Miss Esther Cady, Hartford
Mrs. F. M. Wilson, Willimantic
Miss Ella S. Penniman, Lawrence,
Mass.

Miss Etta V. V. Penniman,
Lawrence, Mass.
Miss J. N. Neal, Unionville
Miss L. M. Keller, Hartford
Miss Lucy Miller, Avon
Mrs. J. N. Leonard, Northampton
Mrs. G. D. Leonard, Northampton

Mrs. C. R. Stevens, New Britain
Mrs. R. W. Gray, Chicago
Mrs. N. W. Hunter, Hartford
Mrs. S. A. Simpson, New Haven
Miss M. J. Woodford, Bloomfield
Miss Alma G. Phelps, Hartford

NOTE.—At the first reunion of this party, held at Hartford on Friday evening, February 23, 1905, all the foregoing except four teen were present. An enjoyable evening was spent, illustrated views were shown by Mr. H. B. Philbrick, addresses by Mr. Delap and Mr. Baxter and music by the Templar quartette.



Transportation Lines Used on Tour.

(Tour under the direction of Simmons & Marsters, Tourist Agents,
Boston, Mass.)

N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.		Southern Pacific Co.	
Hartford to Jersey City	120	Los Angeles to Ogden	1369
Lehigh Valley R. R.		Denver & Rio Grande R. R.	
New York to Niagara Falls	461	Ogden to Denver	779
Grand Trunk R. R.		Rock Island System	
Niagara Falls to Chicago	517	Denver to St. Louis	1017
Chicago & Northwestern R. R.		Wabash R. R.	
Chicago to St. Paul	490	St. Louis to Buffalo	741
Northern Pacific R. R.		Lehigh Valley R. R.	
St. Paul to Portland	2284	Buffalo to Jersey City	447
Yellowstone Park Transportation Co.		N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.	
Tour of the Yellowstone Park	143	Jersey City to Hartford	120
Southern Pacific Co.		Total mileage of trip	9772
Portland to San Francisco	772		
Southern Pacific Co.			
San Francisco to Los Angeles	512		



THE ARCH AT NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO PARK



FORT YELLOWSTONE AND MAMMOTH HOTEL



CLEOPATRA TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS



SILVER GATE AND BUNSEN PEAK



GOLDEN GATE CANYON AND VIADUCT



OBSIDIAN CLIFF AND BEAVER LAKE



NORRIS GEYSER BASIN



FOUNTAIN GEYSER, LOWER GEYSER BASIN



MAMMOTH PAINT POTS, LOWER GEYSER BASIN



SAPPHIRE POOL, BISCUIT BASIN



MORNING GLORY SPRING



FORMATION OF THE GROTTO GEYSER



CRATER OF THE OBLONG GEYSER



PUNCH-BOWL SPRING, UPPER BASIN



LONE STAR GEYSER



CASTLE AND BEE-HIVE GEYSERS



GIANT GEYSER, UPPER GEYSER BASIN



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER



EARLY MORNING IN THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN



YELLOWSTONE LAKE AND SLEEPING GIANT



GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE, FROM THE BRINK



CANYON, FALLS AND POINT LOOKOUT



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE



GIBBON CAÑON AND RIVER

